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times *feel* what a woman's tenderness is, so woman can oftener *understand* what a man's reasons are. And hereby it is evident that we do not degrade or underrate woman, when we say that she is not, distinctively, a reasoning, but an impulsive being. For what is our reason, if it is not illuminated by her love? Moreover, her heart stands in the masculine mind; her beauty much more than adorns our strength. It is, then, the fullest acknowledgment that men can make of the equality of woman, when they submit even the highest exertations of their reason to her approval. They would be barren without her. Love is not inferior to wisdom, but is at least co-ordinate with it. Impulse is not less than reason, but rather the intuition to which its long and labored processes are an indirect and weary road.

“ And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit, side by side, full-summed in all their powers.”

ART. IV. — *Montrose, and other Biographical Sketches*. Boston: Soule and Williams. 1861. 12mo. pp. 400.

THIS little work contains four sketches: La Tour, Brummell, Johnson, and Montrose. The last named fills more than two thirds of the whole volume. The subject of it is the celebrated James Graham, Marquis of Montrose; and it is of him that we purpose to write in this article.

But first let us frankly bear testimony to the author's candid and impartial manner of estimating character, as well as to his ready sympathy with all that is truly generous, brave, and noble, and his undisguised scorn of all that is base, tortuous, and underhand in the conduct of the leading men of both parties. Far from being carried away into indiscriminate condemnation of the partisans of royalty, he justly makes allowances for the influence exerted over their actions by the circumstances of birth, habit, and education, — knowing well how to distinguish between self-sacrificing, devoted loy-

alty, which nobly defends the just prerogatives of an unfortunate sovereign, and that blind, unreasoning obedience which renders itself the willing tool of authority, whether justly or unjustly exercised. Neither does he forget, in his strictures upon the more aggressive acts of the Scottish Covenanters, that their intolerance was in a great measure produced by the injustice and persecution which they had previously endured.

The language and general style of the book are, however, by no means pleasing. The former is often affected, and the latter is deficient in ease and polish. Take, for instance, the following sentence: "Here, to this camp at Bothwell, came messengers from King Charles (two of them), coming by different routes, to make sure of the arrival of one at least." There is a superfluity of such ill-constructed periods. We will take a hasty glance at the active career of the great Marquis, and, when occasion requires it, the author shall speak for himself.

By birth and position Montrose was essentially an aristocrat, destined to play a prominent part on a very stormy stage. But his education, his connections, and the influence of his friends, all tended to make him in early life a partisan of the Kirk, and not of the king. Returning in the year 1636 from his travels on the Continent, "he found," says our author, "a distracted country. The long struggle between the kings of Scotland and its Kirk had at last come to the verge of open quarrel." The King, Charles I., was bent upon governing the Church, and making himself the supreme and unquestioned head of it. The people, on the other hand, were resolved to maintain the independence of their Kirk, and to resist the introduction of the liturgy, and of episcopal forms in general. It was necessary that the young Earl should take sides with the one party or the other. Neutrality was altogether out of the question: his illustrious descent and his strong positive nature alike forbade it. "Not Lord Napier only," we read, "but many other friends of Montrose, too, were the determined opponents of Episcopal rule; and the young Earl himself, born of Presbyterian parents, and reared in that faith, went forward undoubting, in aid of religion and

just liberties." Having made his choice, Montrose became a strenuous and fearless advocate of the popular cause ; honest, straightforward, uncompromising, but not disloyal. His object was not to overthrow the king's authority, but to restrain it within lawful bounds.

In this respect, as in many others, we trace a striking resemblance between Montrose and his noble English contemporary, Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. Both enjoyed all the advantages of rank, wealth, and a liberal education. Both achieved a reputation for dauntless courage in the hard-fought field. Both possessed accomplishments beyond the generality of men, even in their own rank. Alike distinguished in their youth by ardor and unselfishness, both entered early upon the arena of public life, and set their faces boldly against all unlawful exercise of the power of the crown ; but when the crown itself was endangered, and the people became aggressors in their turn, both ranged themselves on the side of the king, and eventually lost their lives in his service.

A braver or a better man than Falkland never drew sword in King Charles's cause. Clarendon speaks of him as " a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that, if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." Hume, also, eloquently records his shining talents, winning manners, and splendid virtues ; telling us how, while contending, sword in hand, for his sovereign, he was still anxious for his country, seeming to dread " the too prosperous success of his own party as much as of the enemy ; and among his intimate friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, he would with a sad accent reiterate the word, Peace." Again, the same historian says that, " In excuse for the too frequent exposing of his person, which seemed unsuitable in a Secretary of State, he alleged that it became him to be more active than other men in all hazardous enterprises, lest his impatience for peace might bear the imputation of cowardice."

In personal courage Falkland equalled Montrose ; but the latter surpassed the English nobleman in military skill and in fertility of resource. Some tinge of jealousy of his hated rival, Argyle, did doubtless lend a keener edge to the sword of the Scotch Marquis ; but Falkland, we believe, was entirely uninfluenced by personal considerations. Though the conduct of Montrose was usually distinguished by humanity, especially toward a conquered foe, yet Falkland excelled him in sweetness of temper and suavity of manners. Falkland was by nature fitted for cool deliberation and sage counsel, though possessing a courage which, when the occasion arose, enabled him to play right nobly the part of a gallant soldier. Montrose was formed for action, prompt and decisive. Born to command, he seemed intuitively to understand how to manage the wild and rather heterogeneous troops that fought under his standard ; but he could brook no rival in the camp, and his deportment was marked by a *hauteur* which showed that he was accustomed to be implicitly obeyed. To quote once more from Hume : “ It was merely by an heroic effort of duty that he brought his mind, impatient of superiority and even of equality, to pay such unlimited submission to the will of his sovereign.” The Great Marquis was certainly not a perfect character, yet his faults were those of a noble and truthful nature ; and in him and the gallant Falkland we recognize the two brightest ornaments of the royal cause.

So long as the Covenanters contented themselves with acting on the defensive, and aimed at nothing beyond the enjoyment of liberty of conscience and of their favorite mode of worship, Montrose remained their faithful adherent in council and their able general in the field ; but when, emboldened by their own success and the weakness of the king, they began to show an intolerant disposition, declaring Episcopacy “ illegal and contrary to the word of God,” and seeking to impose the Covenant upon all the people of Scotland, attacking at the same time the prerogatives of the king, then indeed “ he became doubtful of their right.”

In his letter “ On Sovereign Power,” he expresses sentiments of a decidedly conservative tone. He liked the cause of the Covenant well enough, but he was daily becoming more

suspicious of its leaders, above all, of Argyle. He believed that, under the cloak of zeal for the Kirk, they hid dark designs of their own. He longed to see the king and his people once more united. "The most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world," he says, "is the tyranny of subjects, where every man oppreseth his neighbor, and there is no hope of redress from a prince despoiled of his power to punish oppressors. . . . In a politic consideration, the king and his people are not two, but one body politic, whereof the king is the head ; and so far are they from contrariety and opposite notions, that there is nothing good nor ill for the one, which is not just so for the other."

The author of this volume, commenting on the above, justly remarks that "we shall do well to bear in mind that this letter 'On Sovereign Power' was written two hundred years ago ; and that fashions of thought, like other fashions, change from time to time. We should also call to mind, that it was written by one born to an earldom. 'My house,' said the Marquis of Huntley, 'has risen by kings of Scotland ; it has stood by them, and with them it shall fall.'" Montrose might with equal justice have used the same language. Some such considerations did, doubtless, occupy his mind during the long winter months of 1641-42, when he was living quietly in Angus ; having, as our author remarks, "time enough for reflection on the course and tendency of affairs in Scotland, which had certainly changed much since he, at the convention of 1637, first took part in the popular movement." He had, moreover, suffered grievous injuries at the hands of Argyle and his party ; he had endured a five months' imprisonment ; he had been "accused of treason to Kirk and country, and of perjury ; he had also been denied a public trial, which he had asked for so often ; and he felt himself deeply wronged by these accusations, and still more by being debarred from a public refutation of them."

For some time Montrose remained inactive, — being loath, as we can readily believe, to appear in open hostility against the party whose cause he had early adopted, and so far faithfully served ; yet unwilling to go all lengths with them ; distrustful of their leaders ; distrustful also of Hamilton, the

king's unworthy representative in Scotland; and, in turn, himself distrusted both by Hamilton and the Covenanters. There seemed to be no fair field of action for him. The king and the Covenanters both sought to gain him, and made overtures to him; but experience had rendered him cautious, and he hesitated to commit himself by any sudden and overt act. He wished "to reconcile loyalty to the Kirk with loyalty to the king"; but this appeared no longer possible. In this dilemma, he held a conference with Alexander Henderson, "the ablest and best of the ministers of the Kirk," a man by no means inclined to advocate extreme measures. The Marquis's main object was, if we may believe his friend and biographer, Dr. Wishart, "to learn what were the real purposes and projects of the Covenanters." The results of this conference not proving satisfactory to him, he broke it off without committing himself to any decided line of policy; "and here," says our author, "in the month of June, 1643, ended the connection of James, Marquis of Montrose, with his Covenanting countrymen."

Soon afterward came events which put an end to his doubts. In the autumn of 1643 the Solemn League and Covenant was formed between the Scottish Kirk party and the Non-conformists in England. Then came the raising of an army in Scotland, to aid the English rebels against the king. The conduct of Hamilton became more than ever treacherous. Montrose, "indignant, and unable to remain any longer inactive, posted away to the king with the news," and openly denounced Hamilton as a traitor. An inquiry ensued, resulting in the disgrace and imprisonment of Hamilton; and Montrose, being now taken into the king's favor and confidence, may be said to have fairly embarked in the royal cause. His short campaign in the North of England, and his irruption into the South of Scotland, which miscarried through the failure of promised co-operation, are familiar to every reader of history; as also are the circumstances of his romantic escape into the Highlands, in the disguise of a groom, — an enterprise which Montrose himself characterizes as "very desperate, and yet the best which remains for the king's service."

The Marquis, now Royal Lieutenant-General for Scotland,
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had long entertained the idea that "the best way to keep the Scots out of England was to make work for them at home"; and he at once began to act energetically upon this idea. Forming a junction with some ill-armed and worse disciplined Irish troops under Allaster McDonald, and with the men of Athol and some others, amounting in all to about three thousand, he gave battle, at Tippermuir, near Perth, to the army of the Covenanters, eight thousand in number, commanded by Lord Elcho. A strange panic seized upon the Covenanters, who, hardly waiting for the onset of their wild foes, fled ignominiously from the field, hotly pursued by the victors, who slew one fourth of their number, and captured all their cannon, ammunition, and baggage. It soon became evident to the Covenanters that the king's lieutenant was a man of no ordinary abilities, and that it was time to bestir themselves in earnest.

The position of Montrose, however, was by no means an enviable one. Although the arms and ammunition taken at Tippermuir had enabled him to provide for the most pressing wants of his troops, still the men themselves were almost unmanageable. The Irish, indeed, appear to have clung faithfully to their leader. The retreat to their own country had been cut off by Argyle, who had succeeded in destroying their ships; they therefore had no other alternative than to follow the fortunes of Montrose. The Highlanders, brave and hardy, were nevertheless suited by nature and habit rather to guerilla warfare than to steady military operations. Success is often more destructive than adversity to the discipline of an army composed of such materials. Abundant proof of this may be found in the history of Montrose's short but brilliant military career. His troops heeded not the toilsome march over rugged mountain or bleak moorland. Inured to hardship and constant exposure, they could dispense with tents, and almost all that is usually comprehended in the term baggage. Their movements were swift, noiseless, and stealthy, like those of beasts of prey. Their sudden and unexpected appearance in regions from which they were believed to be many leagues distant went far to unnerve their slower and more methodical foes, who, on many occasions, showed themselves wanting in

that cool and steady courage which, when well directed, has always proved more than a match for the wildest efforts of undisciplined valor. These Highlanders had wrongs of their own to avenge; and they fought against Argyle and his colleagues with all the bitter animosity of personal foes. They loved the sudden raid into the enemy's territory, the furious hand-to-hand combat, and the hasty retreat to their mountain fastnesses with the spoils of the vanquished. So long as they were marching in quest of the foe, the strong hand of Montrose sufficed to restrain them in some appearance of order; but the battle once over, they were more anxious to secure booty than to follow up their success. Thus it came to pass that the victories of Montrose were more splendid than profitable. "He failed," says an ancient historian, "to secure the great passes of the kingdom," so that he gained no ground upon his enemies, but often had to beat a hasty retreat after an apparently decisive victory. Had he possessed a few thousand disciplined infantry upon whom he could always have relied, and a few squadrons of cavalry, for action in the open country, he might not only have routed, but altogether annihilated, the forces opposed to him. As it was, however, he did wisely in avoiding the plains.

The skill with which he availed himself of every advantage that the ground offered, the celerity and secrecy of his movements, the uniform success of his attempts to divide his foes when in pursuit of him, the suddenness with which he would turn upon them when so divided, and cut them up in detail, — all mark him as one of the ablest leaders of the age.

Clarendon tells us that Montrose "was, in his nature, fearless of danger"; that he "never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men"; and, again, that he "performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms and other preparations for war, as hath been performed in this age." He united the impetuous ardor of Rupert with the wariness of Cromwell; and had it not been for the total inadequacy of his means, he would have proved a formidable rival to the great Oliver himself.

Let us briefly notice the dates of, and some of the circumstances attendant upon, the most remarkable of his military achievements. On the 24th of August, 1644, Montrose arrived at the house of Tulliebelton, near the Tay, between Perth and Dunkeld. On the 1st of September he routed the army of the Covenanters at Tippermuir. On the 8th he summoned the city of Dundee, but without effect, and so passed northward, in the direction of Aberdeen. On the 12th or 13th he again defeated the Covenanters, under Lord Burleigh, and took Aberdeen by storm. On the 14th he was again on the move, and encamped at Kintore. Then, becoming aware of the advance of the enemy in force, he retired to Kildrummie, where he expected to be joined by reinforcements from the clan Gordon. Disappointed in this matter, he buried his cannon in a morass, and, "divesting his little army of all hindrances to rapid motion, started on that career of marches to and fro which filled all Scotland with wonder and terror." This is what Baillie refers to in his letter as "that wild coursing thrice round about from Spey to Athol, wherein Argyle's and Lothian's soldiers were tired out." On the 17th of October he was again in the neighborhood of Aberdeen; on the 21st, at Strathbogie, where his supply of ammunition began to fail. A few days afterward, we find him in a strong position around Fyvie Castle, where Argyle came up with him, and made two furious attempts to dislodge him, both of which proved fruitless. On the last day of October, Montrose returned to his old quarters at Strathbogie; and here he was deserted by many of his adherents. Early in November he again reached the Spey; and then, hearing that Argyle, weary of pursuing him, had gone into quarters at Dunkeld, he once more crossed the Grampian Hills, and hastened to attack him. Argyle, however, had a wholesome fear of his untiring foe; and, making tracks for the Lowlands, he rested not until he reached Edinburgh, where he and Lord Lothian resigned their commissions.

At Blair-Athol, Montrose was rejoined by Allaster McDonald, with recruits from the West. He was now in a position to strike his ancient enemy a home blow. His followers were actuated more by hatred to Argyle than by loyalty to the

king, and were clamorous for a raid into the country of the Campbells. On the 11th of December, this little Highland army was at Loch Tay. From this point, the road into Argyle was rugged in the extreme. The author of these sketches has given a brief but vivid description of the march of Montrose.

“The month was December, and the way, difficult at the best of times, was now at its worst; for the tramp was through untrodden snows; but Angus McAilen Duibh knew the pass. A wild march surely: in single files long drawn out by the rough shores of lakes, through glens and deep ravines, up the steep hill-sides, along the edge of giddy precipices, now hidden, now emerging, — I see them on their winding way, — a winding way and a perilous; for a few hundred determined men well placed in these mountain-passes would have been fatal to the invaders; but such men were not there. The Campbells’ old boast, ‘’T is a far cry to Lochow,’ had made them careless of invasion; and Argyle himself, then at his castle of Inverary, did not dream of danger till shepherds from the hills with news that Montrose was there, roused him to flight.” — pp. 251, 252.

Separating into three bands, the invaders wasted the lands of Argyle with fire and sword, from the middle of December until the latter part of January, by which time the enemies of Montrose had gathered in force, determined to intercept him on his return. But the Marquis outmanœuvred them all. “On Friday, at morn, he started from the shores of Loch Ness, and after tramping forty miles and more through this wild, rough, hilly region, all covered with snow, he, winding round the northern skirts of Ben Nevis (highest Ben in Scotland), came out, late on Saturday, in view of Loch Eil,” — on whose shores, near the castle of Inverlochry, the troops of Argyle were encamped. This Saturday was the 1st of February, 1645. On the following morning was fought the battle of Inverlochry, which ended in the total rout of Argyle’s troops, and the ignominious flight of their chief, who escaped in a barge. The indefatigable Montrose marched northward, in quest of another army of Covenanters, under Lord Seaforth, which army, however, disbanded of its own accord. On the 19th of February, the Marquis reached Elgin, whence he issued a proclamation, calling upon all loyal subjects to repair to his standard. On the 9th of March, he was again in the vicinity of Aberdeen.

He next moved southward toward Dundee, which city he took by storm. He retained possession of it for a few hours only, for the Covenanters, under Generals Baillie and Urrey, were close upon him with a much superior force; and Montrose had only just time to get his men clear of the town. Closely pursued by the enemy's cavalry, he still conducted the retreat in good order, outmarched General Baillie, who had attempted to cut off his return to the hills, and at last got safe into the fastnesses of the Grampians.

It now became a matter of the first importance to recruit his diminished army. He accordingly despatched some of his most trusty officers into the North and West on that errand, and, retaining only six hundred men about his person, marched rapidly up and down the Highlands; causing thereby constant alarm and uneasiness to the Covenanters, who never knew where his next blow would fall. On the 9th of May, he again came into collision with the enemy, under Sir John Urrey and others, at the village of Alderne, between Elgin and Inverness. Once more the Covenanters were discomfited, with heavy loss and a total scattering of their army. After a few days' rest, Montrose sought the banks of the Spey, General Baillie being at this time at no great distance from him on the other side of the river. But as usual after victory, Montrose's Highlanders returned to their homes, and he was compelled to resume his "wild coursing round about the Highlands," pursued by Baillie, who came up with him at last at Alford Hill, near the banks of the Don. Many of the Marquis's best officers were absent, but he, nothing daunted, gave General Baillie so warm a reception, that he was glad to escape with a portion of his cavalry; the rest of his army being all slain or hopelessly dispersed. This was on the 2d of July, 1645.

The greatest of Montrose's victories was that of Kilsyth, where, after another long chase, he was attacked by the Covenanters under Baillie, who, it appears, fought rather unwillingly, being urged thereto by Argyle and others. Montrose had posted his little army on very strong and well-chosen ground, with still stronger ground at a short distance behind him, to which he could retreat in case the day went against

him. Prudent, as well as courageous, he trusted nothing to chance. This battle was very much like the others in its leading details. The Covenanters attacked, were repulsed and thrown into confusion; were, in turn, furiously assailed by the Irish and Highlanders, and, at last, driven from the field with a dismal slaughter. "In this way," says our author, "with small means, Montrose, in six battles all within a twelvemonth, conquered Scotland, and earned his title, 'The Great Marquis.'"

This may be considered as the culminating point of his fortunes. Many noblemen and others, of doubtful loyalty before, now made a show of friendship toward the king's cause. No army of any magnitude remained in the field to dispute the way. Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow submitted to the victor's authority, and on the 1st of September he received a new commission as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, with powers to summon Parliaments. He also received orders to march southward, form a junction with the Earls of Home, Roxburgh, and Traquair, and hasten forward to the Tweed. But the Highlanders and many others of his adherents left him and returned to their homes, and he was compelled to proceed with a sadly diminished army, consisting mainly of Irish. On his arrival in the southern shires, he was disappointed of the expected succors in almost every instance; and soon he received the unwelcome intelligence that Leslie was marching northward to attack him. On the morning of the 13th of September, the little army of Montrose was surprised at Philiphaugh, near Selkirk, by General Leslie, with an overpowering force of cavalry, and, after a brief and hopeless struggle, utterly routed. Montrose himself, seeing that all further efforts were useless, made his way through the enemy, with a few faithful friends, and escaped into the Highlands.

For several months he maintained an unequal struggle against his implacable foes; but many of his best friends had died on the field of battle, or had fallen into the enemy's hands, and the king's cause was at its lowest ebb, both in England and Scotland. At length, Charles, acting on the conviction that any further efforts on the part of Montrose would only lead to useless effusion of blood, commanded him to lay

down his arms, and betake himself to the Continent: and so, on the 30th of July, 1646, the sword which had so long been a terror to the king's enemies in Scotland was quietly sheathed in obedience to the royal mandate, and the brave Marquis took leave of his army. On the 3d of September, with a few of his principal adherents, he embarked at Stonehaven on board a small vessel bound for Bergen, in Norway.

Such is a hasty sketch of the military career and achievements of Montrose, in recapitulating which we have adhered as closely as possible to the narrative of the author of this little work, — often using his very words, the better to display the spirit and general tenor of the book. The remaining chapters are devoted to a relation of the events which befell the unfortunate Marquis while living in exile; to the details of his second ill-fated expedition to the North of Scotland in 1650, and of his execution at Edinburgh on the 21st of May in the same year.

The book concludes with the following tribute to the memory of Montrose: "This life, ending on the gallows, was not what men call a successful one; nevertheless, on it, and others like it, stand orders of nobility to this day; and when such basis altogether fails, then shall fall, not orders of nobility only, but higher and better things." And, indeed, a life which displays so much courage, constancy, and self-sacrifice, though apparently a failure at the time, is yet far from futile. Cold must be our hearts, and sordid our souls, ere we can contemplate the careers of men like Montrose and Falkland without emotions of the warmest admiration, even though our sympathies may be with the cause in which the equally noble Hampden fought and died!

The stately reserve and rather haughty manners of Montrose made him less popular among his equals in rank than he might otherwise have been; but his few intimate friends appear to have been warmly attached to him, and his soldiers loved as well as respected him. In his intercourse with them he was always affable, kindly, and generous. His faults were such as are almost inseparable from a position and career like his. He was by no means devoid of vanity. Bishop Burnet tells us how, when the king sent the Prince of Orange to confer

with him as to the method by which he proposed to regain a footing in Scotland, he "entertained him with a recital of his own performances, and of the credit he was in among the people; and said the whole nation would rise if he went over, though accompanied only by a page." But the same historian bears testimony to his noble constancy and fortitude, even *in extremis*. "His behavior," says the Bishop, "under all that barbarous usage, was as great and firm to the last; looking on all that was done to him with a noble scorn." Clarendon says: "He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived." His enemies have accused him of cruelty, and in support of their allegation have pointed to the great slaughter which usually attended his victories in the Highlands. But an examination of contemporary records leads us to believe that he made no greater slaughter on those occasions than was necessary for his own safety and the attainment of decisive victory. Regard must also be had to the wild nature and semi-savage habits of the troops under his command. Restrained with difficulty at the best of times, they were altogether uncontrollable in the hour of victory. The Marquis himself solemnly avowed that he had spilt no blood but in the heat of battle, and that no hair of Scotsman's head, that he could save, ever fell to the ground. We incline to think that clemency toward the conquered ought to be ranked among the foremost of his virtues. Certainly he had greater claims to the possession of that estimable quality than could be established in behalf of Leslie and those pitiless fanatics of the Scotch Kirk, by whose instigation the Irish prisoners at Philiphaugh were treacherously butchered in cold blood.

Let us contrast the behavior of Montrose, in this particular, with that of another leader of the same name, also a partisan of the Stuarts, though at a rather later period; we mean Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, the terrible scourge of the unfortunate Covenanters during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Macaulay denounces him as a man whose name is even to this day pronounced by Scots, in all parts of the globe, "with a peculiar energy of hatred." Yet, ac-

cording to Smollett, "he possessed an enterprising spirit, undaunted courage, inviolable fidelity, and was peculiarly qualified to command the people who fought under his banner." Sir Walter Scott describes him as "uniting the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty; a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects." All readers of Scott will remember the lifelike picture of Claverhouse which he has given us in the pages of "Old Mortality," — the slight, but graceful form, the oval face whose features were almost effeminate in their delicate regularity, the dark hazel eyes, the beautiful mouth, the profusion of long brown locks adorning "a countenance such as limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon." Yet, under this gentle exterior, made still more fascinating by extraordinary suavity and polish of manners, lay concealed the courage of Epaminondas or Alexander, combined with the ruthless cruelty of Nero. He seemed insensible to the sufferings of others; or, what was worse, he took a savage delight in them. Such exceptional characters sometimes occur in history, and the American reader will at once recall the dashing Tarleton.

By the side of these men's deeds, the greatest severities of Montrose appear lenient. There were no such glaring inconsistencies in his conduct. Whether we contemplate him in prosperity or in adversity; at the head of a victorious army, or extricating his wild troopers from peril after the storming of Dundee; surrounded by deputations from humbled cities, or undergoing on the scaffold the last penalties of the law, as interpreted by his implacable foes, — we still find him the same: cool, steadfast, dignified, more sparing of others than of himself.

A succinct biography of such a man cannot fail to be interesting, as well as instructive. We are not aware that a Life of Montrose has heretofore existed in a form likely to be attractive to the general reader. We therefore think that every one who peruses this little volume will feel obliged to the author and the publishers for having supplied the deficiency.